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NEW
SERIES

JULY

VOL.
21

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR.

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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PART 116

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1878.

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From "THE ATHENÆUM," Jan. 5th, 1878.

DR. DORAN writes to us as follows:—"The *Athenæum* ought not to let its fiftieth birthday pass without remark. Fifty years have elapsed since, on Wednesday, the 2nd of January, 1828, the first number of the *Athenæum* was published, at the office of the *Sphinx*, in the Strand, near Somerset House. The price was 8d.; stamped, to go by post, 1s. In an address to the public, Mr. Silk Buckingham announced himself as editor, and as part proprietor with Mr. Colburn. In the former character, Mr. Buckingham declared that he was alone and absolute; in the second, that he was not to be influenced in the slightest degree when judgment was to be pronounced on books issued from his partner's shop in Conduit Street! The first number consisted of sixteen pages only; of these three and a half were occupied by advertisements. The opening article, an essay on the 'Characteristics of the Present State of English Literature,' took a depressing view of those characteristics, and expressed a conviction that contemporary authors were not under the impulses of a passionate love for literature, but were men who 'sought to gratify the caprice of the reigning taste, and obtain an immediate pecuniary reward, without reference to the good or evil that may result to others from their productions, or the reputation which may await their names beyond the present century.' After denouncing in severe terms the alleged worthlessness of most modern literary works, the writer of the essay proclaimed a new mission: that of checking the superabundance of valueless works by throwing upon them the (to them) intolerable light of criticism; and the first literary review succeeding to the essay is one on Dr. Hampden's work 'On the Philosophical Evidences of Christianity.' Among the papers which follow is a notice of Jomini's political and military life of the great Napoleon; and, in a review of 'The British Almanac,' almanacs generally, and the Company of Stationers in particular, are treated to well-merited rebukes, while the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is praised for its successful efforts to stamp out old almanacs and the rubbish they contained. Next come extracts from works about to be published—Leigh Hunt's 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' and Hazlitt's 'Life of Napoleon.' Under the head of 'The Sciences,' Dr. Arnott is deservedly complimented for his 'Elements of Physics.' After science we find 'Periodical Criticism,' in which the *Quarterly* and Mr. Lockhart are buffeted for various offences. In the two concluding articles, 'The Fine Arts' and 'The Drama,' the first examines the growing opinion 'that the perceptions of men in cultivated society are sufficient, without an education specially to that end, to enable them to understand and appreciate the merit of works of art.' The second article deplors the condition of the stage as regards its literature, but maintains that, with the exception of a tragic actress, the stage never possessed at one time a more efficient company of players than the London theatres could furnish in 1828.

"Such is the summary of what is given on men, their works and their views, in the first number of the *Athenæum* half a century ago. At the close of the year, Mr. Buckingham congratulated himself and the public on the position of the paper, which he described as 'the largest weekly literary journal ever issued from the English press.'

"At the close of another year the management of the paper was temporarily transferred to new hands, John Sterling becoming chief proprietor. This arrangement continued during the first half of 1830, terminating in June of the same year, when the late Mr. Dilke issued his first number, and continued his active editorship till 1846, but not ceasing then to be an occasional contributor. The *Athenæum* was thenceforth printed by Mr. Holmes, who also possessed a small share in the paper. To enable its stamped (shilling) edition to go by post, it was necessary that it should pass for a newspaper. Consequently the high-priced issue contained a digest of commercial intelligence, with an account of the corn and money markets! The earliest numbers of the series beginning in June gave unmistakable signs of the infusion of fresh blood: there was also a greater variety of subjects discussed. The paper now grew in importance and usefulness. The public saw that it had a purpose, and that its purpose was praiseworthy. With its higher flight and its wider range, it was fully justified in assuming the comprehensive title in which the objects of the journal were significantly and compactly indicated, when Mr. Dilke became editor and chief proprietor, under the following form, 'The *Athenæum*: Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and Fine Arts.' The last number for the year 1830—a truly Christmas number, published on the festival-day—was especially distinguished by long extracts from Moore's forthcoming 'Life of Byron,' a work for which the world was waiting with feverish impatience. The extracts were not left to stand alone: they were linked together by remarks or comments from the pen of Hamilton Reynolds, whose colleagues in the number were Allan Cunningham, L. Ritchie, Stebbing, Dance, and others.

"And here let me add an illustration of the law with respect to advertisements. Hitherto these announcements, if inserted in both editions, were charged for as if those editions formed two journals having no connection with each other. The cost of insertion was great, because the tax upon advertisements was enormous. Mr. Dilke announced that he would insert the advertisement of the unstamped edition in the stamped issue without any additional charge. The Government officials at Somerset House were not in the least degree moved by this act of generosity; they exacted a second duty of 3s. 6d. on every advertisement published in the two editions of the same paper. The duty alone thus amounted to 7s.

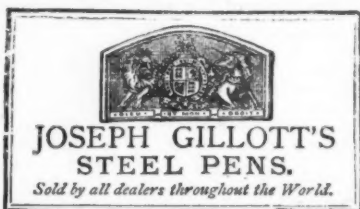
"Among the objects successfully accomplished in great part by the advocacy of the *Athenæum* may be named the abolition of the Stamp Duty and of that on paper. The whole of the profit was made over to the public. As soon as opportunity offered, the price of the *Athenæum* was reduced from 8d. and 1s. to 4d. and 8d.; and, at the last boon wrung from reluctant statesmen, the price of the *Athenæum* was reduced to 3d. It seemed a hazardous sacrifice to make, but they who deliberately made it reaped the reward that was their due. The value of the paper duty remitted was hardly at the rate of one farthing per copy. The *Athenæum*, however, true to its tradition, remitted one penny per copy to its subscribers; by the act an additional subscription list was obtained of 1,500 copies."

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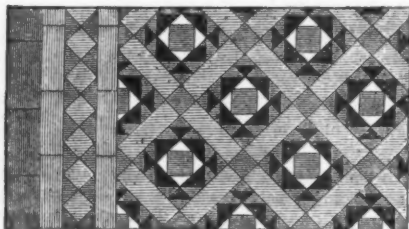
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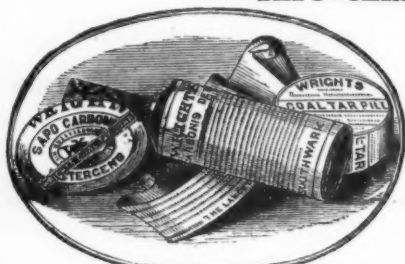
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

IS HE POPENJOY ?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LXII. THE WILL.

LORD GEORGE came back to England as quick as the trains would carry him, and with him came the sad and mournful burden which had to be deposited in the vaults of the parish church at Manor Cross. There must be a decent tombstone now that the life was gone, with decent words upon it and a decent effigy—even though there had been nothing decent in the man's life. Lord George, therefore—for he was still Lord George till after the funeral—travelled with his sad burden, some deputy undertaker having special charge of it, and rested for a few hours in London. Mr. Knox met him in Mr. Stokes's chambers, and there he learned that his brother, who had made many wills in his time, had made one last will just before he left London, after his return from Rudham Park. Mr. Stokes took him aside, and told him that he would find the will to be unfavourable. "I thought the property was entailed," said Lord George, very calmly. Mr. Stokes assented, with many assurances as to the impregnability of the family acres and the family houses; but added that there was money, and that the furniture had belonged to the late marquis to dispose of as he pleased. "It is a matter of no consequence," said Lord George, whom the loss of the money and furniture did not in truth at all vex.

Early on the following morning he went down to Brotherton, leaving the undertakers to follow him as quickly as they

might. He could enter the house now, and to him, as he was driven home under the oaks, no doubt there came some idea of his own possession of them. But the idea was much less vivid than the dean's, and was chiefly confined to the recollection that no one could now turn him out of the home in which he had been born, and in which his mother and sisters and wife were living. Had his elder brother been a man of whom he could have been proud, I almost think he would have been more contented as a younger brother. "It is over at last," were the first words he said to his wife, not finding it to be more important that his greatness was beginning than that his humiliation should be brought to an end.

The funeral took place with all the state that undertakers could give to it in a little village, but with no other honours. Lord George was the chief mourner, and almost the only one. One or two neighbours came—Mr. De Baron, from Rudham Park, and such of the farmers as had been long on the land, among them being Mr. Price. But there was one person among the number whom no one had expected. This was Jack De Baron. "He has been mentioned in the will," said Mr. Stokes very gravely to Lord George, "and perhaps you would not object to my asking him to be present." Lord George did not object, though certainly Captain De Baron was the last person whom he would have thought of asking to Manor Cross on any occasion. He was made welcome, however, with a grave courtesy.

"What on earth has brought you here?" said old Mr. De Baron to his cousin.

"Don't in the least know! Got a letter from a lawyer, saying I had better come.

Thought everybody was to be here who had ever seen him."

"He hasn't left you money, Jack?" said Mr. De Baron.

"What will you give for my chance?" said Jack. But Mr. De Baron, though he was much given to gambling speculations, did not on this occasion make an offer.

After the funeral, which was sadder even than funerals are in general though no tear was shed, the will was read in the library at Manor Cross, Lord George being present, together with Mr. Knox, Mr. Stokes, and the two De Barons. The dean might have wished to be there; but he had written early on that morning an affectionate letter to his son-in-law, excusing himself from being present at the funeral. "I think you know," he had said, "that I would do anything either to promote your welfare or to gratify your feelings, but there has unfortunately been that between me and the late marquis which would make my attendance seem to be a mookery." He did not go near Manor Cross on that day; but no one knew better than he—not even Mr. Knox himself—that the dead lord had possessed no power of alienating a stick or a brick upon the property. The will was very short, and the upshot of it was that every shilling of which the marquis died possessed, together with the house at Como, and the furniture contained in the three houses, was left to our old friend, Jack De Baron. "I took the liberty," said Mr. Stokes, "to inform his lordship that, should he die before his wife, his widow would be entitled to a third of his personal property. He replied, that whatever his widow could claim by law, she could get without any act of his. I mention this, as Captain De Baron may perhaps be willing that the widow of the late marquis may be at once regarded as possessed of a third of the property."

"Quite so," said Jack, who had suddenly become as solemn and funereal as Mr. Stokes himself. He was now engaged to Guss Mildmay with a vengeance!

When the solemnity of the meeting was over, Lord George—or the marquis, as he must now be called—congratulated the young heir with exquisite grace. "I was so severed from my brother of late," he said, "that I had not known of the friendship."

"Never saw him in my life till I met him down at Rudham," said Jack. "I

was civil to him there because he seemed to be ill. He sent me once to fetch a ten-pound note. I thought it odd, but I went. After that he seemed to take to me a good deal."

"He took to you to some purpose, Captain De Baron. As to me, I did not want it, and certainly should not have got it. You need not for a moment think that you are robbing us."

"That is so good of you!" said Jack, whose thoughts, however, were too full of Guss Mildmay to allow of any thorough enjoyment of his unexpected prosperity.

"Stokes says that after the widow is paid and the legacy duty there will be eight—and twenty—thousand pounds!" whispered Mr. De Baron to his relative. "By heavens! you are a lucky fellow."

"I am rather lucky."

"It will be fourteen hundred a year, if you only look out for a good investment. A man with ready money at his own disposal can always get five per cent. at least. I never heard of such a fluke in my life."

"It was a fluke, certainly."

"You'll marry now and settle down, I suppose?"

"I suppose I shall," said Jack. "One has to come to that kind of thing at last. I knew, when I was going to Rudham, that some infernal thing would come of it. Oh, of course I'm awfully glad. It's sure to come, sooner or later, and I suppose I've had my run. I've just seen Stokes, and he says I'm to go to him in about a month's time. I thought I should have got some of it to-morrow!"

"My dear fellow, I can let you have a couple of hundreds, if you want them," said Mr. De Baron, who had never hitherto been induced to advance a shilling, when his young cousin had been needy.

Mr. Stokes, Mr. Knox, Mr. De Baron, and the heir went away, leaving the family to adjust their own affairs in their new position. Then Mary received a third lecture as she sat leaning upon her husband's shoulder.

"At any rate, you won't have to go away any more," she had said to him. "You have been always away, for ever so long."

"It was you who would go to the Deanery when you left London."

"I know that. Of course I wanted to see papa then. I don't want to talk about that any more. Only, you won't go away again?"

"When I do you shall go with me."

"That won't be going away. Going away is taking yourself off—by yourself."

"Could I help it?"

"I don't know. I could have gone with you. But it's over now, isn't it?"

"I hope so."

"It shall be over. And when this other trouble is done—you'll go to London then?"

"It will depend on your health, dear."

"I am very well. Why shouldn't I be well? When a month is over—then you'll go."

"In two months, perhaps."

"That'll be the middle of June. And where shall we go? We'll go to Munster Court—shan't we?"

"As soon as the house is ready in St. James's Square, we must go there."

"Oh! George—I do so hate that house in St. James's Square. I shall never be happy there. It's like a prison."

Then he gave her his lecture. "My love, you should not talk of hating things that are necessary."

"But why is St. James's Square necessary?"

"Because it is the town residence belonging to the family. Munster Court was very well for us as we were before. Indeed, it was much too good, as I felt every hour that I was there. It was more than we could afford, without drawing upon your father for assistance."

"But he likes being drawn upon," said Mary. "I don't think there is anything papa likes so much as to be drawn upon."

"That could make no difference to me, my dear. I don't think that as yet you understand money matters."

"I hope I never shall, then."

"I hope you will. It will be your duty to do so. But, as I was saying, the house at Munster Court will be unsuitable to you as Lady Brotherton." On hearing this Mary pouted and made a grimace. "There is a dignity to be borne which, though it may be onerous, must be supported."

"I hate dignity."

"You would not say that if you knew how it vexed me. Could I have chosen for myself personally, perhaps, neither would I have taken this position. I do not think that I am by nature ambitious. But a man is bound to do his duty in that position in which he finds himself placed—and so is a woman."

"And it will be my duty to live in an ugly house?"

"Perhaps the house may be made less

ugly; but to live in it will certainly be a part of your duty. And if you love me, Mary——"

"Do you want me to tell you whether I love you?"

"But, loving me as I know you do, I am sure you will not neglect your duty. Do not say again that you hate your dignity. You must never forget now that you are Marchioness of Brotherton."

"I never shall, George."

"That is right, my dear," he said, omitting to understand the little satire conveyed in her words. "It will come easy to you before long. But I would have all the world feel that you are the mistress of the rank to which you have been raised. Of course, it has been different hitherto," he said, endeavouring in his own mind to excuse the indiscretion of that Kappa-kappa. This lecture also she turned to wholesome food and digested, obtaining from it some strength, and throwing off the bombast by which a weaker mind might have been inflated. She understood, at any rate, that St. James's Square must be her doom; but, while acknowledging this to herself, she made a little resolution that a good deal would have to be done to the house before it was ready for her reception, and that the doing would require a considerable time.

When she heard the purport of the late lord's will she was much surprised—more surprised, probably, than Jack himself. Why should a man who was so universally bad—such a horror—leave his money to one who was so—so good as Jack De Baron? The epithet came to her at last in preference to any other. And what would he do now? George had told her that the sum would be very large, and of course he could marry if he pleased. At any rate he would not go to Perim. The idea that he should go to Perim had made her uncomfortable. Perhaps he had better marry Guss Mildmay. She was not quite all that his wife should be; but he had said that he would do so in certain circumstances. Those circumstances had come round, and it was right that he should keep his word. And yet it made her somewhat melancholy to think that he should marry Guss Mildmay.

Very shortly after this, and when she was becoming aware that the important event would not be much longer delayed, there came home to her various things containing lectures almost as severe as, and perhaps more eloquent than, those she had

received from her sister, her father, and her husband. There was an infinity of clothes which someone had ordered for her, and on all the things which would bear a mark, there was a coronet. The coronets on the pocket-handkerchiefs seemed to be without end. And there was funereal note-paper, on which the black edges were not more visible than the black coronets. And there came invoices to her from the tradesmen, addressed to the Marchioness of Brotherton. And then there came the first letter from her father with her rank and title on the envelope. At first she was almost afraid to open it.

CHAPTER LXIII. POPENJOY IS BORN—AND
CHRISTENED.

At last, in all the glory of the purple of Manor Cross, the new Popenjoy was born. For it was a Popenjoy. The fates, who had for some time past been unpropitious to the house of Brotherton, now smiled; and fortune, who had been good to the dean throughout, remained true to him also in this. The family had a new heir, a real Popenjoy; and the old marchioness, when the baby was shown to her, for awhile forgot her sorrows and triumphed with the rest.

The dean's anxiety had been so great that he insisted on remaining at the house. It had been found impossible to refuse such a request made at such a time. And now, at last, the ladies at Manor Cross gradually forgave the dean. To the old dowager they did not mention his name, and she probably forgot his existence; but the marquis appeared to live with him on terms of perfect friendship, and the sisters succumbed to circumstances, and allowed themselves to talk to him as though he were in truth the father of the reigning marchioness.

It will be understood that for forty-eight hours before the birth of the child, and for forty-eight hours afterwards, all Manor Cross was moved in the matter, as though this were the first male child born into the world since the installation of some new golden age. It was a great thing that, after all the recent troubles, a Popenjoy—a proper Popenjoy—should be born at Manor Cross of English parents—a healthy boy—a bouncing little lord, as Mrs. Toff called him; and the event almost justified the prophetic spirit in which his grandmother spoke of this new advent. "Little angel!" she said. "I know he'll grow up to bring new

honours to the family, and do as much for it as his great-grandfather." The great-grandfather spoken of had been an earl, great in borough-mongery, and had been made a marquis by Pitt on the score of his votes. "George," she went on to say, "I do hope there will be bells and bon-fires, and that the tenants will be allowed to see him." There were bells and bon-fires. But in these days tenants are perhaps busier men than formerly, and have less in them of the spirit of heir-worship than their fathers.

The dean's joy, though less ecstatic in its expression, was quite as deep and quite as triumphant as that of the marchioness. When he was admitted for a moment to his daughter's bedside, the tears rolled down his face, as he prayed for a blessing for her and her baby. Lady Sarah was in the room, and began to doubt whether she had read the man's character aright. There was an ineffable tenderness about him, a sweetness of manner, a low melody of voice, a gracious solemnity, in which piety seemed to be mingled with his love and happiness! That he was an affectionate father had been always known; but now it had to be confessed that he bore himself as though he had sprung from some noble family, or been the son and grandson of archbishops. How it would have been with him on such an occasion, had his daughter married some vicar of Pugsty, as she had herself once suggested, Lady Sarah did not now stop to enquire. It was reasonable to Lady Sarah that the coming of a Popenjoy should be hailed with greater joy and receive a warmer welcome than the birth of an ordinary baby. "You have had a good deal to bear, Brotherton," he said, holding his noble son-in-law by the hand; "but I think that this will compensate for it all." The tears were still in his eyes, and they were true tears—tears of most unaffected joy. He had seen the happy day; and as he told himself, in words which would have been profane had they been absolutely uttered, he was now ready to die in peace. Not that he meant to die, or thought that he should die. That vision of young Popenjoy, bright as a star, beautiful as a young Apollo, with all the golden glories of the aristocracy upon his head, standing up in the House of Commons, and speaking to the world at large with modest but assured eloquence, while he himself occupied some corner in the gallery, was still before his eyes.

After all, who shall say that the man was selfish? He was contented to shine with a reflected honour. Though he was wealthy, he never desired grand doings at the Deanery. In his own habits he was simple. The happiness of his life had been to see his daughter happy. His very soul had smiled within him when she had smiled in his presence. But he had been subject to one weakness, which had marred a manliness which would otherwise have been great. He, who should have been proud of the lowliness of his birth, and have known that the brightest feather in his cap was the fact that, having been humbly born, he had made himself what he was—he had never ceased to be ashamed of the stable-yard. And as he felt himself to be degraded by that from which he had sprung, so did he think that the only whitewash against such dirt was to be found in the aggrandisement of his daughter and the nobility of her children. He had, perhaps, been happier than he deserved. He might have sold her to some lord, who would have scorned her after awhile and despised himself. As it was, the marquis, who was his son-in-law, was a man whom upon the whole he could well trust.

Of all those closely concerned in the coming of Popenjoy, the father seemed to bear the greatness of the occasion with the most modesty. When the dean congratulated him, he simply smiled, and expressed a hope that Mary would do well in her troubles. Poor Mary's welfare had hitherto been almost lost in the solicitude for her son. "She can't but do well now," said the dean, who of all men was the most sanguine. "She is thoroughly healthy, and nothing has been amiss."

"We must be very careful, that's all," said the marquis. Hitherto he had not brought his tongue to speak of his son as Popenjoy, and did not do so for many a day to come. That an heir had been born was very well; but of late the name of Popenjoy had not been sweet to his ears.

Nothing had gone amiss, and nothing did go amiss. The mother thrived and the baby thrived; and when the bonfires had been all burned, and the bells had been all rung, and the child had been shown to such tenants and adherents and workmen as desired to see him, the family settled down to a feeling of permanent satisfaction.

And then came the christening. Now,

in spite of the permanent satisfaction, there were troubles—troubles of which the marquis became conscious very soon, and which he was bound to communicate to his sister—troubles of which the dean was unfortunately cognisant, and of which he would speak and with which he would concern himself—much to the annoyance of the marquis. The will which the late man had made was a serious temporary embarrassment. There was no money with which to do anything. The very bed on which the mother lay with her baby belonged to Jack De Baron. They were absolutely drinking Jack De Baron's port-wine, and found, when the matter came to be considered, that they were making butter from Jack De Baron's cows. This could not be long endured. Jack, who was now bound to have a lawyer of his own, had very speedily signified his desire that the family should be put to no inconvenience, and had declared that any suggestion from the marquis as to the house in town or that in the country would be a law to him. But it was necessary that everything should be valued at once, and either purchased, or given up to be sold to those who would purchase it. There was, however, no money, and the marquis, who hated the idea of borrowing, was told that he must go among the money-lenders. Then the dean proposed that he and Miss Tallowax between them might be able to advance what was needed. The marquis shook his head and said nothing. The proposition had been very distasteful to him.

Then there came another proposition. But it will be right in the first place to explain that the great question of godfather and godmother had received much attention. His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor had signified, through young Lord Brabazon, that he would stand as one of the sponsors. The honour had been very great, and had of course been accepted at the moment. The dean had hankered much after the office, but had abstained from asking, with a feeling that, should the request be refused, a coolness would be engendered which he himself would be unable to repress. It would have filled him with delight to stand in his own cathedral as godfather to the little Popenjoy; but he abstained, and soon heard that the Duke of Dunstable, who was a distant cousin, was to be the colleague of his Royal Highness. He smiled, and said nothing of himself, but thought that his

liberality might have been more liberally remembered.

Just at this time Miss Tallowax arrived at the Deanery, and on the next morning the dean came over to Manor Cross with a proposition from that lady. She would bestow twenty thousand pounds immediately upon Popenjoy, and place it for instant use in the father's hands, on condition that she might be allowed to stand as godmother!

"We could not consent to accept the money," said the marquis, very gravely.

"Why not? Mary is her nearest living relative in that generation. As a matter of course, she will leave her money to Mary or her children—unless she be offended. Nothing is so common as for old people with liberal hearts to give away the money which they must soon leave behind them. A more generous creature than my old aunt doesn't live."

"Very generous; but I am afraid we cannot accept it."

"After all, it is only an empty honour. I would not ask it for myself, because I knew how you might be situated. But I really think you might gratify the old lady. Twenty thousand pounds is an important sum, and would be so useful just at present!"

This was true, but the father at the moment declined. The dean, however, who knew his man, determined that the money should not be lost, and communicated with Mr. Knox. Mr. Knox came down to Manor Cross, and held a long consultation, at which both the dean and Lady Sarah were present. "Let it be granted," said the dean, "that it is a foolish request; but are you justified in refusing twenty thousand pounds offered to Popenjoy?"

"Certainly," said Lady Sarah, "if the twenty thousand pounds is a bribe."

"But it is no bribe, Lady Sarah," said Mr. Knox. "It is not unreasonable that Miss Tallowax should give her money to her great-nephew; nor is it unreasonable that she should ask for this honour, seeing that she is the child's great-aunt."

There was a strong opposition to Miss Tallowax's liberal offer; but, in the end, it was accepted. The twenty thousand pounds was important; and, after all, the godmother could do no lasting injury to the child. Then it was discovered that the offer was clogged with a further stipulation. The boy must be christened "Tallowax!" To this father and mother and aunts all objected, swearing that they would not subject their young Popenjoy to so great an injury—till it was ascer-

tained that the old lady did not insist on Tallowax as a first name, or even as a second. It would suffice that Tallowax should be inserted among others. It was at last decided that the boy should be christened Frederic Augustus Tallowax. Thus he became Frederic Augustus Tallowax Germain, commonly to be called, by the queen's courtesy, Lord Popenjoy.

The christening itself was not very august, as neither the royal duke nor his fellow attended in person. The dean stood proxy for the one, and Canon Holdenough for the other.

Mary by this time was able to leave her room, and was urgent with her husband to take her up to London. Had she not been very good, and done all that she was told? And was it not manifest to everybody that she would be able to travel to St. Petersburg and back, if such a journey were required? Her husband assured her that she would be knocked up before she got half-way. "But London isn't a tenth part of the distance," said Mary, with a woman's logic. Then it was settled that on May 20th she should be taken with her baby to Munster Court. The following are a few of the letters of congratulation which she received during the period of her convalescence:

Grosvenor Place.

"MY DEAR MARCHIONESS,—Of course I have heard all about you from time to time, and of course I have been delighted. In the first place, we none of us could grieve very much for that unfortunate brother of yours. Really it was so very much better for everybody that Lord George should have the title and property, not to talk of all the advantage which the world expects from a young and fascinating Lady Brotherton. I am told that the scaffolding is already up in St. James's Square. I drove through the place the other day, and bethought myself how long it might be before I should receive the honour of a card telling me that on such and such a day the Marchioness of Brotherton would be at home. I should not suggest such a thing but for a dearly kind expression in your last letter.

"But the baby, of course, is the first object. Pray tell me what sort of a baby it is. Two arms and two legs, I know, for even a young Lord Popenjoy is not allowed to have more; but of his special graces you might send me a catalogue, if you have as yet been allowed pen and paper. I can believe that a good deal of mild tyranny would go on with those estimable sisters,

and that Lord George would be anxious. I beg his pardon—the marquis. Don't you find this second change in your name very perplexing—particularly in regard to your linen? All your nice wedding things will have become wrong so soon!

"And now I can impart a secret. There are promises of a little Giblest. Of course it is premature to speak with certainty; but why shouldn't there be a little Giblest as well as a little Popenjoy? Only it won't be a Giblest as long as dear old Lord Gossling can keep the gout out of his stomach. They say that in anger at his son's marriage he has forsworn champagne, and confines himself to two bottles of claret a day. But Giblest, who is the happiest young man of my acquaintance, says that his wife is worth it all.

"And so our friend the captain is a millionaire! What will he do? Wasn't it an odd will? I couldn't be altogether sorry, for I have a little corner in my heart for the captain, and would have left him something myself if I had anything to leave. I really think he had better marry his old love. I like justice, and that would be just. He would do it to-morrow if you told him. It might take me a month of hard work. How much is it he gets? I hear such various sums—from a hundred thousand down to as many hundreds. Nevertheless, the will proves the man to have been mad—as I always said he was.

"I suppose you'll come to Munster Court till the house in the square be finished. Or will you take some furnished place for a month or two? Munster Court is small; but it is very pretty, and I hope I may see it again.

"Kiss the little Popenjoy for me, and believe me to be, dear Lady Brotherton, your affectionate old friend,

"G. MONTACUTE JONES."

The next was from their friend the captain himself.

"DEAR LADY BROTHERTON,—I hope it won't be wrong in me to congratulate you on the birth of your baby. I do so with all my heart. I hope that some day, when I am an old fogey, I may be allowed to know him and remind him that in old days I used to know his mother. I was down at Manor Cross the other day, but, of course, on such an occasion I could not see you. I was sent for because of that strange will; but it was more strange to me that I should so soon find myself in your house. It was not very bright on that occasion.

"I wonder who was surprised most by the will—you or I?" Mary, when she read this, declared to herself that she ought not to have been surprised at all. How could anyone be surprised by what such a man as that might do? "He had never seen me, as far as I know, till he met me at Rudham. I did not want his money, though I was poor enough. I don't know what I shall do now; but I shan't go to Perim.

"Mrs. Jones says you will soon be in town. I hope I may be allowed to call. Believe me always, most sincerely yours,

"JOHN DE BARON."

Both these letters gave her pleasure, and both she answered. To all Mrs. Jones's enquiries she gave very full replies, and enjoyed her jokes with her old friend. She hinted that she did not at all intend to hurry the men at St. James's Square, and that certainly she would be found in Munster Court till the men had completed their work. As to what their young friend would do with his money she could say nothing. She could not undertake the commission—though perhaps that might be best—and so on. Her note to Jack was very short. She thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and told him the day on which she would be in Munster Court. Then in a postscript she said that she was "very, very glad" that he had inherited the late lord's money.

The other letter offended her as much as those two had pleased her. It offended her so much that when she saw the handwriting she would not have read it but that curiosity forbade her to put it on one side. It was from Adelaide Houghton, and as she opened it there was a sparkle of anger in her eyes which perhaps none of her friends had ever seen there. This letter was as follows:

"DEAR LADY BROTHERTON,—Will you not at length allow bygones to be bygones? What can a poor woman do more than beg pardon, and promise never to be naughty again? Is it worth while that we, who have known each other so long, should quarrel about what really amounted to nothing? It was but a little foolish romance, the echo of a past feeling—a folly, if you will; but innocent. I own my fault, and put on the sackcloth and ashes of confession; and, after that, surely you will give me absolution?

"And now, having made my apology, which I trust will be accepted, pray let me congratulate you on all your happiness.

The death of your poor brother-in-law of course we have all expected. Mr. Houghton had heard a month before that it was impossible that he should live. Of course, we all feel that the property has fallen into much better hands. And I am so glad that you have a boy. Dear little Popenjoy! Do, do forgive me, so that I may have an opportunity of kissing him. I am, at any rate, your affectionate old friend,

"ADELAIDE HOUGHTON."

Affectionate old friend! Serpent! Toad! Nasty, degraded, painted Jezebel! Forgive her! No—never; not though she were on her knees! She was contemptible before, but doubly contemptible in that she could humble herself to make an apology so false, so feeble, and so fawning. It was thus that she regarded her correspondent's letter. Could any woman who knew that love-letters had been written to her husband by another woman forgive that other? We are all conscious of trespassers against ourselves whom we especially bar when we say our prayers. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us—excepting Jones, who has committed the one sin that we will not forgive, that we ought not to forgive. This was the sin that Mary could not forgive. The disgusting woman—for to Mary the woman was now absolutely disgusting—had attempted to take from her the heart of her husband! There was a good deal of evidence also against her husband, but that she had quite forgotten. She did not in the least believe that Adelaide was preferred to herself. Her husband had eyes, and could see; a heart, and could feel; an understanding, and could perceive. She was not in the least afraid as to her husband; but nothing on earth should induce her to forgive Mrs. Houghton. She thought for a moment whether it was worth her while to show the letter to the marquis, and then tore it into fragments and threw the pieces away.

ANIMAL ANTIPATHIES.

IN Marmion, the nuns of St. Hilda, laudably anxious to imbue the minds of the daughters of St. Cuthbert with a proper sense of the sanctity of their canonised Saxon abbess, tell their visitors

How sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail;
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

Camden, extolled by his pupil Ben Jonson for his "faith in things," had so little faith in this Whitby wonder that he would fain have said nothing about it, if several credible men had not assured him it was a fact that the "wild geese," which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of everyone, fall down suddenly upon the ground, where they are, in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts." He was, nevertheless, sceptical of St. Hilda's powers, and inclined to attribute the falling of the sea-fowls' pinions "to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is between wolves and scilla-roots; for that such hidden tendencies and aversions as are called sympathies and antipathies are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that everybody grants it."

What everybody is said to grant is true enough so far as it goes. We may be sure the remorseless locust only spares the tea-plant from selfish motives; that there is sufficient reason for the cockroach abhorring the smell of camphor as heartily as the ant hates that of cajeput oil; but all animal antipathies cannot be set down as protective dislikes. It can hardly be because the polar bear smells danger in burnt feathers that their odour is so obnoxious to it; nor is scarlet such a death-dealing hue that the sight of it should necessarily excite the wrath of bulls, bisons, buffaloes, turkeys, and sundry other creatures. M. Fontaine's pet buzzard would not suffer a red cap to remain on the head of any peasant he happened to come across in his rambles, whipping off the offensive headgear so dexterously, that its owner found his head bare without having the slightest idea as to what had become of its covering. We have even heard of a linnet declining to pay its customary compliments to its young mistress when it pleased her to brighten her dress with a bit of red ribbon or a flower of the same colour.

Even the horror of fire, which makes the boldest beast of the jungle and the forest give a wide berth to anything in the shape of a blaze, cannot be considered a protective antipathy. It is rather just the reverse, since it gives their worst foe a potent means of attack and defence.

Major Skinner, bivouacking on the banks

of a river in Ceylon, was returning to camp one night, when he found the only road by which he could reach it barred by a large herd of wild elephants, seemingly determined to dispute the right of way. The major tried all he knew to induce the obstructionists to retire, but they obstinately refused to budge. At last an old Cingalese came to the rescue. Ordering the rest of the party to fall back, he took a couple of "chules," or torches, of coconut leaves, one in each hand, and waving them about until they flamed fiercely, he boldly advanced within a few yards of the leader of the herd, and undaunted by the monster's growling and trumpeting, flourished the chules in his face. He turned tail instant, and the whole herd, dashing after their panic-stricken leader, went bellowing, screaming, and crushing through the underwood, leaving the old hunter master of the situation.

The adventurous author of *On the Frontier* had good reason to bless provident nature for implanting this particular aversion in the buffalo's breast, when camping out with four friends, a light waggon, a patent stove, four mules, two ponies, and a watch-dog, on the banks of the Republican River. The evening breeze had brought at intervals a low murmur, like that from a far-off sea, which, growing louder and more distinct, till it sounded like the roll of distant thunder, gave them hopes that the buffaloes were coming—a hope dying away with the setting in of the night wind, and the cessation of the warning noises in the air, still, thrown off their guard, one and all composed themselves to sleep. Let Major Campion tell the rest: "Suddenly everyone jumped to his feet. A terrific row smote upon our ears. The air shivered with noise, the earth trembled under our feet. The main herd was crossing the river close to camp. The roar of the bulls, the lowing of the cows, the tramp of thousands of feet, the splash of water as the huge mass of animals plunged and struggled through it; the crumbling fall of the bank as the buffaloes forced their way up its steep face—all were blended in one mighty tumult. We stood spell-bound for an instant, then a thought of terror forced itself upon us. What if the herd should come our way? What if they should stampede over the camp? Nothing could save us. We should be crushed into the earth, ground to powder. There would not be a grease spot left of us. We might

climb a tree, true, but we should be left without transport, without food, without communication, out in the wilderness on foot. Better to be killed at once. There was but one safeguard—fire. A pile of grass, leaves—anything, everything—was raked together, the contents of the grease-pots poured over it, a double handful of powder scattered on, a match applied, and a column of fire shot up towards the sky. We were in safety so long as our blaze lasted." And there they stood, watching and waiting, hour after hour, until the seemingly interminable multitude had all surged by, and they could breathe freely once again. "Since that night," says the major, "I have witnessed many striking scenes—the din of conflict, the terrors of an earthquake, the conflagration of a Western city; I have stood on the deck of a ship aflame in mid-Atlantic; the murderous midnight rush of moccasined savages upon a surprised camp has found me there; I have been startled from deep sleep by the sharp firing of rifle-balls, the quick rip-rip of flying arrows, the death-scream of a slaughtered sentinel, and the war-whoop of the Red Indian—but none of these scenes recall themselves more forcibly to me than does that midnight crossing of the Republican River by that mighty host of buffaloes."

Unless the Brazilians are guilty of tarra-diddling, the snake they call the *surucucu* is braver far than the buffalo; for it is averred that, if a fire be kindled in the woods, these creatures glide out of their hiding-places, dash straight at the obnoxious thing, and scatter its embers with their tails; persisting, even though half-roasted, until the fire is utterly extinguished. If a man carries a torch near their haunts, they pass and repass him, lashing his legs until he drops it, when a *surucucu* immediately coils itself about it, and puts out the flame. A diminutive terrier of our acquaintance used to act on the same principle, although his hatred of fire was a limited one. He had no objection to it in its proper place, and would complacently contemplate the parlour fire, let it blaze ever so merrily, without so much as a wink; but the sight of a lighted piece of paper roused Tiny's ire, and set him barking grievously; and if the paper were thrown on the floor, he went for it at once, deftly contriving to stamp out the flame without burning his toes.

In Mr. Haygarth's *Bush Life in Australia*, we read: "Horses and cattle will

feed together on the same spots, yet both have an antipathy to the vicinity of sheep; so much so, that there is no more effectual method of driving them away, than by feeding a flock or two of sheep over their pasture-grounds." This equine aversion is new to us; we supposed the horse only hated the camel. Its antipathy to the ship of the desert is historical. Did not wily Harpagus counsel Cyrus to meet the invincible Lydian cavalry with soldiers on camel-back; and when, as he expected, the horses, upon nosing the strange enemy, fled the field, they carried the fortunes of Croesus with them. Is this antipathy peculiar to the horse, or have other animals a similar feeling towards the camel? A pet cat of ours was one day sitting at the window, much interested in a passing procession of noisy musicians, gaily attired horsemen, and quadrupeds unfamiliar to an English cat's eyes. Gip enjoyed the show amazingly. Strange beast after strange beast went by without exciting any sign of discomposure; the huge elephants disturbed not his serenity; but as soon as a couple of camels hove in view, up went Gip's back, his tail assumed alarming proportions, he "swore" most emphatically, and retired from the window in the worst of tempers.

A gentleman living in Montgomery, relating the doings and misdoings of a raven that was the common property of the boys of that town, says: "Rafo, like the generality of his brethren, hated dogs, and kept at a perpetual warfare against those animals; creeping softly behind one of them, he would, with the whole force of his body, give him such a dig with his formidable beak, as would send the poor dog howling away with his tail between his legs." The peacock, in its wild state, at least, agrees with the raven in its detestation of the canine race, and rather than descend from its roosting-place when it spies a dog below, will stay where it is and be shot.

The peacock, indeed, is a bird after Johnson's own heart, being a good hater. However domesticated he may be, he never loses his native aversion for the snake. A peacock, domiciled at Raynell, was observed to remain for several days on guard near a hot-bed frame in the garden, and attack the glass with its beak whenever the gardener was out of the way. Upon the frame being removed, the bird leaped into the bed, and scratched away at the manure until it uncovered a nest of young snakes, which were quickly killed, and devoured without

ceremony. When a wild peacock comes upon a snake, he performs a sort of dance round the foe, until it is tired of following his gyrations, and too weary to fight for its life. Should the bird have any friends with him, he proceeds in more summary fashion. Seizing the reptile by the throat, and shaking it till it is dead, he takes it by the tail and swallows it whole; that is, if his companions permit; the chances are, that as he lays hold of one end of the snake, the other will be seized by a second peacock, and while they are hauling against each other, a third claimant will fasten on the prey's middle, draw it out of their throats, and fly off with the prize to some place where it may be digested at leisure.

That oddly-named bird, the laughing-jackass, bears equal ill-will to the serpent tribe. With him, to see a snake, is to attack it, and his tactics are not unlike those adopted by the peacock. For awhile, he amuses himself by swooping backwards and forwards threatening, but only threatening, to dash at the alert enemy all eager to strike. Then he settles down close by the snake, with every feather quivering. Keeping just out of reach, the bird flits round and round the snake, till its exhaustion gives the opportunity he wants. Swooping down swiftly and surely, he seizes the snake just behind the head, and soars with it to an open part of the country. Suddenly the prisoner is released by its captor, and drops to the ground, too stunned by the fall to have any fight left in it, and then is speedily despatched, and as speedily eaten.

The Cingalese believe an irreconcilable enmity exists between the noya and the tic-polonga, two venomous snakes blessing their island with their presence; and this is how they account for it. Once upon a time, when water was very scarce in the land, a polonga, dying with thirst, met a noya, and entreated him to tell him where water was obtainable. Now the noya had, a little while before, lighted upon a vessel of water, wherein an infant lay playing, according to the custom of the island. As the noya was slaking his thirst, the baby struck him on the head; but knowing the blow was not given with any evil intent, the good-natured creature took no notice of it. Taking pity on his brother-snake, the noya directed the polonga to the place, making him promise that he would do no harm to the child. Knowing the touchy temper of the polonga, he still felt uneasy about the matter, and so went

after him. He came too late to the drinking-place to save the babe's life, but time enough to do execution on its murderer; and ever since that day, the noya and the pologna never meet but they fight to the death.

Mr. Waterton once possessed a barn-door hen so masculine in appearance that strangers always mistook her sex. He obtained her from an old woman, who had resolved to kill the strange fowl, because she feared something might happen if she suffered it to live, "for when hens turn to cocks they are very unlucky." Mr. Waterton gave the crowing-hen the run of a grass-plot, flanked on one side by trees, and open to a lake on the other side. By-and-by, a cage, containing a young rook, hatched by a carrion-crow, found its way to the hen's quarters. For some mysterious reason she conceived an intense aversion to the newcomer, and would fly at the cage, cackling and crowing most angrily. One morning rook and hen were both missing, and search being made, their bodies were found floating side by side on the lake. It was conjectured that the rook had escaped from durance and been pursued by the hen; in its flight taking the fatal plunge into the lake, an example followed by the hen in its blind hate.

Crib, a wonderful dog, described by his proprietor as "an enemy of poachers, a friend of cats, and a connoisseur of gooseberries," while regaling himself upon his favourite fruit, fresh from the bush, got stung by a wasp, bent upon gooseberry-taking too, and experienced a new and never-to-be-forgotten sensation. Crib became convinced his vocation in life was to wage war upon wasps, and from that time devoted all his energies to their destruction; and, taking up an advantageous position under the bushes he and his enemies most affected, snapped them as fast as they appeared without getting hurt himself. He, at any rate, had reasonable and just cause for the antipathy he indulged, which is more than can be said in extenuation of the irreligious collie, whose habit it was to sneak out of his master's company as that gentleman took down his Family Prayers and rang for the servants. Purposely prevented, one evening, from making his usual exit, Noble took such pains to behave indecorously, that it was judged wisest to let him have his way for the future; and he was never known to make one of the nightly gathering again.

Animals, it is plain, like men, have lodged hates and loathings, for which, as Shylock says, "there is no firm reason to be rendered."

A SMALL STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE are few sights more affecting than that of a sick child.

Not that of little Tommy, who has eaten too much pudding, and pulls a wry face at the dose which Dr. Bolus has prescribed for him; nor that of little Clara, who is suffering, poor darling, from a surfeit of sucked sugar-plums, or a fit of indigestion, caused by surreptitious feasting on a pot of currant jam. The sight of these small sufferers moves my sympathy but little. They are being taught a useful lesson against the vice of gluttony; and my pity melts away, as I contrast their petty ailments with the terrible privations of the thousands of poor creatures who, so far from being surfeited, too seldom have the chance of getting quite enough to eat.

But come to little Clara, when stricken low with fever, or some other grievous malady; and own there are few sadder sights than that of a sick child. Poor little drooping bud! How feebly hangs its heavy head! How faded is the bloom from that no longer rosy cheek! How dulled are the blue eyes that used to shine so brightly! How faint is the wan smile that flickers for a moment upon the parched white lips! With the bravest of endurance, pain is wearisome to bear; and think how heavy a burden it must be to a mere babe.

Think, too, how a child's suffering must be terribly increased when the miseries of poverty are added to disease; and the little patient lies in a cold, miserable cellar, with nothing but a rag-and-paper counterpane for covering, and with no softer mattress than a wisp of dirty straw. Think what must be its plight when lying all alone for hours, while "mother's gone a-charing;" left in silent loneliness, dependent on chance visits of perhaps neglectful neighbours for a helping hand to lift a weary, aching limb, or hold a cup of water to the feverish, parched lips.

Even when well tended, poor children fight disease with fearful odds against them. Through the poverty, and too often through the vices, of their parents, they set out on their life's journey with a weakly constitution, and begin the battle with a maimed and stunted growth. In

consequence, they frequently succumb to the first blow; and have no reserve forces to assist them in recovery, if they survive a sharp attack. Besides, the fact is that at home they seldom are well nursed. Cleanliness is held of less account there than it should be; and proper change of clothing is rarely to be had. Proper medicine may be given, but in doses too irregular to cause much good effect. Proper diet may be likewise very carefully prescribed by the busy parish doctor, who has other things to do than to see with his own eyes that it is carefully procured. On diet, in most cases, the completeness of recovery depends; but poor children get bad food—unwholesome, and ill-cooked, deficient in nutrition, and scantily supplied, and rarely served with regularity to suit their actual requirements.

Of all the wants, however, which make war on them in sickness, perhaps the deadliest is the want of wholesome air to breathe. Poor children have strong lungs, or they could never shout and shriek so lustily and loudly, when on a sudden they burst forth from the bondage of their school and scamper homeward. But their strength of lung soon fails them when confined to the sick-room—or, say rather, to the corner of some suffocating, stuffy, close, ill-ventilated chamber, where the floor is filthy with the mud from the gutter, scarce wiped from the tired feet; where the walls and ceiling reek with the damp steam from the linen that is hung about to dry; where the air is foul and fetid with the fumes of stale tobacco-smoke, the smells of greasy cookery, and the breath of half-a-score or so of close-packed fellow-occupants.

How many thousands of pounds yearly are subscribed for London hospitals, no Londoner need blush at hearing questioned in his presence; unless indeed his conscience, being thereby suddenly awakened, smite him to remember that his own last year's subscription as yet remains unpaid. Nor is there anything to blush for, but perhaps something to boast of, in the fact that, with the modern progress of philanthropy, special hospitals have been founded for the cure of special maladies, or the care of special patients for whom some special treatment has been specially prescribed. Hospitals for children are among the last established of these special institutions, and certainly are not the least deserving of support. Indeed, a high authority, Sir William Jenner, has declared: "Sick

children require special hours of rest, special food, and special medical treatment; so that, while I do not advocate special hospitals generally, I do advocate special hospitals for children."

The "Small Star in the East," whose rising was recorded in this journal half-a-score of years ago,* has now swelled into a star of considerable magnitude, and shines with ever-increasing brightness on the little ones who live beneath its charitable beams. Near the riverside at Ratcliffe, this small star of great promise first sprang into sight. It was visible to few except the poorest of poor people, upon whom its kindly rays shone forth from a rickety old sail-loft, or roughish sort of wooden storehouse, whose timbers creaked and cracked in every passing storm, like the timbers of a ship. There in the midst of a squalid maze of miry streets, a wilderness of dirt, and famine, and disease; there, in the beginning of the decade which ended last December, with no fine speeches made to celebrate its opening, with no flourish of shrill trumpets in honour of its founder, the East London Children's Hospital was simply set afoot. The young surgeon who, for charity, first rented the old storehouse, and brought his gentle wife to live there, among the half-score of small patients whom they housed, and nursed, and nourished at their own sole care and cost—this good worker has been taken, prematurely worn-out by his labour, to his well-earned rest. But his good work has survived him, and is carried on by others in the way he would have wished, and with a growth more rapid than perhaps he dared to hope for. The little patients are no longer nursed in the old sail-loft, but in the comfortable wards of a fine new spacious building, half-a-mile or so away from it. Here, without endowment, funds are somehow yearly gathered for the care of ninety beds available for inmates, of whom near seven hundred were relieved in the last year. Out-patients being also counted, more than seven thousand cases are now annually treated at this hospital.

About the time of the discovery of this little eastern star, there was twinkling into notice a small star in the west; and this, although of lesser magnitude, has likewise shown great increase since it first came into sight. Placed like its East End sister near the river's bank, the Victoria

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 1, p. 61, "New Uncommercial Samples."

Children's Hospital was not started, East End fashion, in a ramshackle old sail-loft, but, as befits a West End origin, was established in a fine old red-brick family mansion, close to Cheyne Walk at Chelsea, and more particularly indicated by the title of Gough House. This spacious edifice was built at the beginning of the last century by John, third Earl of Carberry, of whom the chronicles report that in the year 1713 he was buried in Westminster Abbey, after dying in his coach. Upon his death the mansion passed into the hands of the Gough family, several of whom resided there, and among them, one Sir Henry Gough, who took the name of Calthorpe, and was created a peer in 1796. With him came probably the climax to the fortunes and the fashionable grandeur of the house. It had, doubtless, until then, for pretty nigh a century, been holding garden-parties, and entertaining the nobility in its spacious rooms and pleasure-grounds, which, at that time, had but little bricks-and-mortar within eye-shot, and were about as far from London, in convenience of access, as Windsor now may be. But fine old families die out, and fine old mansions too decline; and having the advantage of a healthy situation, as was doubtless duly advertised to guardians and parents, Gough House gave up its garden-parties and other fashionable galas, and was tenanted sedately by a lady who there kept a ladies' school. Like Miss Pinkerton's academy upon Chiswick Mall, the old mansion may have borne a shining brass plate on the door, and, being also within reach of the breezes from the river, the school may possibly have rivalled in success that remarkable establishment, which had been honoured by the presence of the great lexicographer, and still further rendered famous by the sojourn, for awhile, of Miss Rebecca Sharp.

My first visit to Gough House was made upon a sultry summer afternoon, when scarce a leaf was stirring, and scarce a sparrow chirped as though he had quite air enough to breathe. My course thither, it so happened, had lain through a small labyrinth of stuffy little streets, and the closeness of their dusty atmosphere enhanced the sense of cleanly airiness and freshness, that came to me by contrast as I entered the cool hall. With the river full in sight, and the pleasant park of Battersea, fair to see, beyond it, and plenty of green trees to look at in the gardens of

the larger Chelsea Hospital hard by, no fitter site could well have been selected for the purpose, whereto that of the old mansion had in charity been put. There seemed, moreover, to be something fresh and airy in the manner of the secretary; a cheerful breeziness as though he once had been a sailor, and had still retained some savour of the sea. I was not surprised to find that he had served in the navy, for, besides his cheery manner, he had all a sailor's tenderness for children, as I noticed in his dealing with a white-lipped little maiden, who was being gently wheeled out for an airing, and whom cheerily he introduced to me as "Chips."

"Is that her real name?"

"Why, you see, we call her Chips because she has been so cut to pieces; but she has a longer name to go by when she leaves us. Well, Chips"—dropping his aside to me, and addressing her with interest—"how are you to-day? Do you feel any stronger?"

"Yes, please; thank you, sir. I'm ever so much better," replied the little sufferer, and a faint smile feebly tried to play on her pinched lips.

"Poor child; I fear she's in great pain," observed her kindly questioner, after patting her pale cheek and bidding her make haste and get strong enough to go down to the sea. "Her mother is a drunkard, and has well-nigh been the death of her. Starved her to a skeleton, and beat her about shamefully. One day a district visitor discovered the poor child, left all alone and famishing, and dressing her own wounds. Through poverty of blood her bones became diseased, and she was forced to lose a leg, and a finger off each hand. She never cries, poor child, although at times she suffers terribly; and it's hard lines to be made a cripple by one's mother."

Scarcely cheered by this sad tale, despite the pleasant, cheery manner of the teller, I was permitted at my ease to make my progress through the wards; beginning with one of royal name, and embellished with a picture from the hand of a princess. I found them clean and cool, and cheerful with fresh flowers, and gay with dolls and other little playthings which lay scattered here and there. The gentle, soft-eyed lady who reigns over this small realm appeared to fancy some excuse was needful for the litter; which I hastened to assure her was rather to my liking, I being myself somewhat of a literary turn.

"I fear that we are terribly untidy, but the fact is," she explained, "we like the little dears to feel quite free and at their ease, and not as little prisoners, kept under strict restraint. So much depends, you know, on keeping up their spirits; and, indeed, it must be sadly dull for them to lie in bed day after day—and some even are strapped down to it, and not allowed to stir."

Not allowed to stir! What a world of suffering is summed in these four words. "The heart of childhood is all mirth;" to frolic to and fro and frisk about unceasingly is inborn in the very nature of a healthy child. No sterner sentence can be spoken than to bid it to be quiet, and no severer punishment than to constrain it to sit still. Yet here are little sufferers who may hardly move a finger, and who may for weary weeks be forced to lie in one position; so sore is their affliction, so strict the surgeon's care, and so slight the chance of cure!

"Yes, indeed, it must be hard for them, poor things," continued she, "but they are wonderfully patient; and, except the very tiny ones, we seldom hear them cry. Indeed, it's often quite surprising how merry they can be. Look at that little mite there. See what fun she's having."

A lady visitor was sitting beside one of the small beds, on which was strapped a baby-patient, barely over two years old, suffering from a scrofulous affection of the knee. The lady had been twisting up her handkerchief into the semblance of a doll, to amuse the little prisoner, and the child was laughing gleefully, and brandishing in ecstasy her wasted little arms, that looked no bigger than two stalks of fashionable asparagus.

"I must leave you now, dear," the lady said at length.

"No, oo mussen."

"Yes; I must, indeed. Come, give me your hand, and say good-bye."

"Oo div me a tiss."

The lady leaned over the bed, and found herself entrapped by the cunning little arms, which in a moment were twined round her neck, and held her fast and tight, while the baby screamed with joy at the success of its small stratagem.

The smiles of this gay little sufferer were not the only rays of sunshine that gleamed upon the scene. Among the boys I saw one merry little fellow, gravely putting out his tongue, while another felt his pulse. Playing at doctors seemed a fit

game for a children's hospital, and I could picture to myself how mock prescriptions were made up with sham solemnity of manner, and how fanciful experiments with imaginary stethoscopes were attempted by young actors to beguile the weary time.

Merriment, however, appeared somewhat under difficulties; and gaiety seemed rather the exception than the rule. As I looked about I mostly saw around me wistful, widely-opened eyes, sadly sharpened by privation and by premature experience of the hard ways of the world. Staring gravely, like young owls from their small nests, the children gazed at one another, as though wondering to see no healthy play-mates in the place. One little girl I spoke to seemed quite proud of her acquaintance with the ailments of her neighbours, and seriously took me to a bed to see a bad case of "broncheetous," and to a cot well-nigh contiguous, where what she called "New money here" was waiting to be cured. To lisp out fine large words, such as "toobereoolerosus," appeared to give great pleasure to the solemn little doctress, and I really almost fancied that the patients felt some pride in being pointed out as victims of such fine-sounding complaints.

During my pilgrim's progress through the hospital, I think I caught a glimpse of Goodwill standing at the door, and ready to give entrance to as many little applicants as Mr. Greatheart and Reliever, who were conferring in the board-room, could manage to receive. Mr. Skill, the physician, had gone his rounds before I came; but, as tea-time was drawing near, his prescriptions were supplied by Mr. Taste-that-which-is-good, the cook, under whose auspices had arisen the Delectable Mountains of bread-and-butter that I saw in the distance, and which certain hungry patients, no doubt approaching convalescence, were eyeing with delight. Here and there were sad foreshadowings of the Valley of the Shadow, but I saw nothing to remind me of the Slough of Despond, nor were there any traces visible of the grim Giant Despair.

I saw children feebly hobbling upon crutches; children lying helpless, strapped upon their cots; children blackened by their bruises, or crippled by their burns; children with sore bodies, and children with sore heads; children prostrate beneath frame-work and iron weights and pulleys, which savoured of the torture-chamber, but were in fact designed to ease an ailing, aching limb; children racked with rheuma-

tism, or smitten grievously with scrofula, or with consumption plainly written in their flushed and wasted cheeks. I saw wan faces, and white lips, and wistful looks that spoke of weariness and pain. But I saw no child peevish or impatient; I heard no sound of murmur or passionate complaint. I found no little sufferer looking woe-begone and wretched; and of tears, in all my pilgrimage I hardly saw a trace. Tears are terribly infectious, and break forth now and then among the little ones, of course, and at times a burst of crying convulses a whole ward. But such convulsions are rare in their occurrence; and the shower of tears soon ceases, and the sunny smiles shine forth.

Land has been lately purchased to keep a wholesome vacant breathing space around the hospital, and possibly to furnish ground for its enlargement, when the good ship Charity comes home, well freighted with fresh funds to meet the coming need. "As cheap as dirt" is now a well-nigh obsolete similitude, for the dirtiest of muddy sites for building purposes are sold not by the acre, but by the square inch. To buy this needful bit of ground, there was required a sum above four thousand pounds; whereof one thousand has been generously given by a gentleman, who has acted as a governor, or say rather as a father, to this baby institution, ever since its birth. Other sums have been received, chiefly from those kind friends Messrs. Voluntary Contributions and General Benevolence, to whom so many hospitals owe so much; and on the day when I am writing, there remains to be collected for this essential purpose about fifteen hundred pounds. Here is a fine outlet for that form of anonymous philanthropy, which stealthily does good by dropping thousand-pound bank-notes into charity collecting-boxes, and blushes furtively next morning to see the fact recorded in the columns of *The Times*!

In connection with the hospital, which contains now sixty beds, there has been set on foot a Convalescent Home at Margate, whither patients are removed in certain grievous cases, to facilitate recovery and to complete the cure. The kindly grant of a good house there, to be tenanted awhile rent free, has in some degree been like the storied gift of a white elephant; for convalescents have good appetites, and butcher's meat at Margate is as costly as in town. For the keep of this white elephant, some six hundred pounds or so

are annually required, while at least three thousand more are wanted for Gough House. Like many a young couple, the Hospital and the Home have not a jot of private fortune, not a farthing of endowment. They live from hand to mouth, without any certain income, and with but few old friends to help them if they tumble into debt. They live by begging, it is true; but, unlike most beggars, they work hard and really do good service to society, and are therefore undeniably well worthy to be helped.

The sun was setting when I left Gough House, and ere my visit ended I heard some of the children begin the evening hymn. Clear and sweet their little voices lingered in my ear the while I slowly walked away, and set me thinking how such charities as this which I had seen were in reality not merely hospitals but schools. They not only heal disease, but serve to check, if not to cure, the grievous moral maladies which poor children far too frequently inherit from their birth. To children coming from the slums, uncared for and untaught, bred by neglectful parents amid the baneful home-surroundings of ignorance and vice, they teach many a useful lesson as to wholesome ways of living, and impart a healthy influence that may last throughout a lifetime, and then survive to benefit poor children yet unborn.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

RIBBLE AND CALDER.

THERE is one advantage about the great moorland district north of the Trent, and therefore, according to popular belief, beyond the song of the nightingale. It abounds in air of such amazing freshness, as to give it all the individuality of a separate climate. Hurrying northward at express speed, the traveller quickly finds himself rolled back a month—from early summer into blossoming spring. In the deep valleys dividing eastern Lancashire from Craven, the wild hyacinth lingers till June, and in mid-May covers the slopes of Todmorden with an azure carpet, while in the rich pastures of Hertford and Huntingdon, Oxford and Berkshire, meek-eyed kine stand knee-deep in buttercups, and sheets of charlock hide the metallic sheen of the young corn beneath a mantle of tender yellow. The darkness and the truth of the north have the voucher of the poet, and I will not pre-

sume to lift my penny trumpet against his diapason; but touching the tenderness of northern England, I may perhaps be suffered to retain a private opinion of my own. Hard and bright I have found the north; but its tenderness has never yet been brought home to my unpoetic soul. It would, on the contrary, be childish to deny the bracing power of the blasts which sweep that vast range of high rough pasturage and purple moorland which stretches from the Peak to the Cheviots. On this backbone of England, the four winds of heaven meet and hold high carnival, and although blustering withal, are not unwelcome to lungs weary of coal-dust and the fumes of gas and oil. It so happens that much of England's hard work is done within the irregular polygon, enclosed by lines drawn from Chester to Birmingham, thence to Nottingham, from Nottingham to Newcastle, thence to Furness Abbey, and again southwards to Chester. The consumption of coal within this district is enormous, but much unnecessary pity is lavished by dwellers in purely agricultural districts on their brethren in those "awfully smoky, coaly, manufacturing towns—all tall chimneys, smoke, steam-engines, and rattling mill-work." There is all this in the great manufacturing district of England, and there is more. There is money in quantities never dreamt of by the agricultural labourer; there is plenty of food, and of drink too much. Perhaps life, from Leeds to Preston, and from Chester to Nottingham, is over strenuous, too fond of work and eager for play, strained overmuch to earn, that enjoyment may be bought with the proceeds; but whatever the drawbacks of the great North may be, the smokiness of its great towns is assuredly one of the smallest. Manufacturing towns, it must be remembered, if large, are not inconveniently monstrous, like London. Five minutes by rail, or a short stroll on foot, will take one out of Blackburn, Burnley, Todmorden, or Rochdale, on to the breezy hill-side, where the lungs expand, and the eye brightens at the broad prospect of the fells before it. It is not long since the delicious sense of freedom inspired by moorland scenery has been properly appreciated. Our forefathers rejoiced in what they called "elegant" scenery, with silver streams meandering between sloping banks, wooded to the water's edge. To make them happy, a background of corn-fields and a distant view of a village spire

was absolutely necessary; and the idea that great reaches of billowy earth, croplless and treeless, could possess a charm of their own, never reached a generation convinced that no Norman cathedral could approach in "elegance" a pseudo-classical or Italian edifice. An accomplished gentleman, who saw nothing in the highlands of Perthshire but a savage solitude, and in the Alps but a hideous desert, would hardly have admired the natural beauties of the watershed which divides Yorkshire and Lancashire, and directs one system of drainage to the Irish, and another to the North Sea. Yet in few parts of England is the scenery more beautiful, albeit speckled with the unlovely outline of factories, and the eternal prospect of their lofty chimneys. Throughout the line of railway from Burnley to Wakefield the chimneys are plentiful, but the splendour of the ever-changing scene is but little marred by them. To escape them altogether, one must push farther north into the wild country beyond Settle cliffs, whence the Swale thunders down past Richmond, and the Ure past Middleham Castle and Moor; while westward pours one of the most delightful of English streams, the Ribble, through a lovely valley to Proud Preston, Lytham, and the Irish Sea. In claiming precedence for the Ribble over other Lancashire rivers, I am casting no slight upon those pleasant streams, the Wenning and Lune, the latter of which boasts a bridge of peculiar construction. As no precise records of the building of this famous bridge are extant, a short method has been adopted for finding the name of the architect. Like various other great artistic and engineering works, such as Cologne Cathedral and the deep cutting or dyke near Brighton, the construction of Kirkby Lonsdale Bridge is unhesitatingly assigned to the devil, who built it, according to local tradition, in one night. Both Wenning and Lune, however, find their way quickly to the sea; while the Ribble, between its source on Wold Fell and its final exit into the sea between Lytham and Southport, leads the explorer a merry dance through wild wooded dale and moorland. Receiving the beck rising on Gale Moor, the Ribble passes under the great mass of Ingleborough.

Between the head-waters of the Ribble and Settle is the famous village of Austwick, the inhabitants of which are made to do the same duty for their

neighbours that Irishmen are made to do for Englishmen, and Austrians for the rest of Germany. It is the Gotham of Yorkshire, and innumerable stories are told of the simplicity of "Austwick carles." These honest fellows are accused of perpetrating the odd pieces of stupidity told in various places of all kinds of people. According to local story, it was an Austwick farmer who, finding himself unable to lift his bull out of a field, called nine of his neighbours to his assistance. After five hours they found it impossible to perform the feat, and dispatched one of their number to the village for more help, and it was this genius who hit upon the idea of opening the gate and letting the bull through; whence the jeer, "Who tried to lift the bull over the gate?" Austwick is also one of the places credited with an attempt to wall in the cuckoo. The good folks of Austwick—and of some other places, by-the-way—knowing that while they had the cuckoo they had fine growing weather, concluded that if they could only manage to have the cuckoo the year round there would be fine times for farmers. Whereupon it was determined to build a wall and enclose the bird. The wall was begun, but just as it was about to be covered in, the bird flew away. Another widely distributed story is assigned to Austwick. A carle is said to have come upon a watch dropped by some person in a lane, and judging it to be a venomous reptile, called his neighbours together, telling them that he had seen something alive with a "lang tail," that kept on saying tick-tack. A posse turned out, and the animal having been surrounded, was finally smashed with a pickaxe by the bravest man in Austwick. This story is told in several ways. An ancient word of offence against the Austwickers is "Whittle to th' tree," an allusion to a remote period when a Sheffield whittle was the only knife in Austwick. It was common to the township, and when those who had used it had done with it, they put it in a tree in the centre of the village. If it was not there, the person wanting it went through the village calling out, "Whittle to th' tree." At last the whittle was lost. It had been taken by a party of workmen to Swarthmoor to cut up their pies for dinner. To save the trouble of taking it back they discussed where they should put it, so that they could find it when they came the next day. Trees being scarce on Swarthmoor, it was at last agreed to stick it into the

ground, under a very black cloud, which was the most remarkable object in sight. When next day they went to Swarthmoor, it was a fine day, the cloud had moved off, and the whittle could not be found. "The best at the bottom, as th' Austwick carles say," is another Craven proverb, referring to the method in which the said carles let one of their number drown, who had gone into a pond to fetch something out. Thinking he had met "the best at the bottom," they let him remain there till he died. Numerous other ancient jokes are levelled at Austwick. It is said to have been the place where the farmer tried to wheel sunshine into his barn to dry his hay with; where a calf was fattened in the upper room of a house, until it grew so big that the windows had to be taken out to bring it down. It is also said that the thatch of Austwick Hall was once covered with grass, and that after mature deliberation it was decided that the best plan was to hoist up two or three cows to pasture off it—but this is a fine old crusted joke known all over the world. A more recent tale is to the effect that an Austwick farmer had to take a wheelbarrow to the railway station at Clapham. Finding by accurate measurement that he would save two hundred yards in distance by going through the fields instead of by the high road, he took the short cut, and had to lift his barrow over eleven stiles!

As there is a Clapham in Craven as well as in Surrey, so are there Prestons galore all over England, the derivation Priest's town being a natural one enough. The Ribble boasts a brace of Prestons; that is to say, Long Preston and Proud Preston. It is the former townlet which gave birth to the celebrated Peggy, who distinguished herself in the rebellion of 1745 by her adhesion to the Jacobite cause. Her first exploit was to walk from Long to Proud Preston, a distance of about thirty-eight miles. The subsequent adventures of a handsome young woman in the camp of the Pretender are, perhaps wisely, ignored by the local historian. All that is positively known is, that a song was written about her, and that she returned to Long Preston and remained there for at least a quarter of a century, at the expiration of which period she had still the remains of a handsome face and fine person, and was accustomed to sing the song of which she was the heroine—after being treated to at least half-a-dozen glasses of spirits. Perhaps her propensity for strong waters

injured her memory, or she, considering the song her own copyright, refused to have it written down, for the only verses Mr. W. Dobson, of Preston, who has given much study to the antiquities and natural productions of Ribblesdale, could discover, are the following, and even these are subject to variations :

Long Preston Peg to Proud Preston went,
To see the Scotch rebels it was her intent;
A noble Scotch lord, as he passed by,
On this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

He called to his servants which on him did wait,
Go down to yon girl who stands in the gate,
That sings with a voice so soft and so sweet,
And in my name do her lovingly greet.

And this is all that I know of Proud Preston Peg, a Lancashire heroine whom I had dreamt of afar as a species of Flora Macdonald and Mary Ambree welded into one. Can anything be more hideous than the reality? Imagine Peggy in her youth "trapesing" after the rebel soldiers, and in her buxom, high-coloured middle age, yelling out her own ballad, when well primed with rum!

There is, or was, another worthy of these parts who escaped the consequence of his misdeeds by a fluke of royal generosity. On the opposite side of the Ribble to charming Gisburn Hall, nestling in its richly-wooded park, is Bolton Hall, once the domain of the Pudseys, and now held by their successors, the Dawsons. The Pudseys were stanch Lancastrians, and stuck to King Henry the Sixth to the last—a fact which stood their successor in good stead when his freedom in coining money got him into trouble with the myrmaids of Queen Elizabeth. It seems that William Pudsey, the squire of Bolton-in-Bowland, had a lead mine at Rimington in Craven, the lead from which contained a considerable quantity of silver. This silver, continues an evidently partial chronicler, did Mr. Pudsey coin into shillings, in contravention of the law which made such offences capital. Of course it is difficult to restrain modern scepticism as to the exact quality and fineness of the Pudsey shillings. Was this gentleman who lived away in Craven very scrupulous in preventing any of the lead from getting into his coinage, or did he take it as it came? It would seem that he was not over nice concerning images and superscriptions, as the escallop on the Pudsey shilling was the Tower Mint mark in the years 1584-6. At any rate, Pudsey, according to the story, escaped the officers of justice by a bold

leap from Rainsber Scar, got the start of his pursuers, and making his way to the Queen's presence, told the story his own way, and obtained pardon, coupled with the order to make "no more Pudsey shillings."

To the lovers of wild animals, Gisburn, the seat of Lord Ribblesdale, is, or was, more interesting than any story of coining, as practised in the Tudor period. Down to a late period Gisburn, like Cadzow, Chillingham, and Chartley, contained the beautiful wild cattle indigenous to Great Britain. The herd somehow dwindled away till it became extinct, a matter for regret all the more profound, on account of Whitaker's observation, that "this species differs from those of Lyme in Cheshire, and Chillingham Castle in Northumberland, in being without horns." They were, it seems, white, like those now belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Tankerville, and Lord Petre, save the tips of their noses, which were black. Their character appears to have been no better than that of their congeners, for the learned historian of Whalley and Craven describes them as "mischievous, especially when guarding their young," and as approaching the object of their resentment "in a very insidious manner." Mr. Dobson states that the race in our time had greatly deteriorated; and as it was likely to become extinct, an experiment was made of a cross with tame cattle, but this only prolonged it a single generation, as the half-bred kine showed no prospect of progeny. It seems a pity that help could not have been obtained from any of the noblemen just enumerated, who would, I venture to think, have helped Lord Ribblesdale out of the difficulty, if he had applied to them.

To make connections, as the Americans call it, with Lower Ribblesdale is not difficult from Blackburn or Preston. From the former town it is an easy run to Chatburn, a station which puts one at once within hail of the best scenery of the district. There is, just opposite Chatburn, a great hill called the Pendle, which I have reason to believe is often climbed by enterprising tourists—possibly with a view to training their muscles for the Alps; which, without depreciating our native mountains, I must admit to be much grander things in their way than the Yorkshire and Lancashire fells. I will not undertake to decide whether Chatburn is so named from St. Ceadda or St. Chad—

an early bishop of Lichfield, and anciently the patron saint of the diocese—but as Chatburn is the present limit of progress by railway in that direction, I have come to look upon it as a kind of end of the world; beyond which lies the mythic land of Austwick and Pudsay. At Chatburn I am haunted by no pale ghosts of the departed urns, and as the ruins of Salley Abbey—I had nearly written Alley—exist far more in the minds of antiquaries than in the outer and more visible signs which appeal to my gross vision, I wend my way on a pleasant road to Clitheroe. Nothing can be grander than the position of the castle situated on an island of rock, rising high above a sea of verdure flecked with houses great and small, as with argosies and coasting craft. Against the lofty rock, crowned with a grey Norman keep, dash billows of foliage, hurling their leafy spray almost to the level of its lofty battlements. Clitheroe Castle is the fortress one dreams of. Not the actual place of power, with long, low batteries and ugly casemates, but a genuine falcon's nest, from which the lordly bird pounced upon the surrounding country; but as I plead guilty to occasional flashes of human feeling, I think it necessary to admit in this place that I do not quite understand how, before cotton was invented, there was anything to steal near Clitheroe. Pendle Hill, just opposite, once crowned with Malkin Tower, was well known to be the favourite haunt of witches and warlocks; whose occasional desire for profuse ventilation appears to have been entirely opposed to their ordinary habits. Even in modern times, all the wizards I have known have lived in stuffy dens in Bloomsbury, and would infallibly have caught bronchitis if they had been exposed on Pendle Top for five minutes. Malkin Tower has disappeared, but Pendle is a grand object in the landscape seen from Clitheroe Castle, a pleasant walk of not more than ten minutes up-hill, and richly remunerative. I observe that it has the trick of other hills in inducing perspiration while climbing them, and then freezing the very marrow with a chill blast when arrived at the top. But there is something to compensate for all this in the prospect of broad, grand, rolling Ribblesdale. There is in this region of great billowy country none of the oppression which crushes me in a narrow Swiss or Derbyshire valley, steaming in the sun like some forgotten work of a prehistoric

world. I declare, without fear of contradiction, that I have sat in the thickly-wooded parts of the valley of the Derwent as the sun poured down after a heavy shower, until I should not have been amazed to see monstrous saurians emerge from the smoking herbage, and to hear pachyderms of vast size crushing through the damp undergrowth. But here, in the Keep of Clitheroe, the air breathes nothing but health and vigour—at least, to those warmly and prudently clad. Far away to the right and left of Pendle, stretch rounded hills, standing shoulder to shoulder, and rank behind rank, till a picturesque purple line cuts the sky, tender with dainty hues of primrose and pearl. It is a pleasant spot for a morning meditation, but mine is rudely broken in upon by a human voice, belonging obviously to one careless of sky-lines and indifferent to the shifting glories of amaranthine clouds. "Look 'ere, sir," it says; "you're a stranger. Oot yan lies Stony'urst. Ye mind, wheer Tichborne went to school. Thaay tell me he's thinner noo."

I turn aside and stroll towards Whalley—historic Whalley—pitched, not on Ribble bank, but on that of its tributary the Calder, not to be confounded with other Calders in the North. As the falcon seemed the fittest bird to dwell at Clitheroe, so does the rook find itself most at home at Whalley—pronounced as if written Wawly. Here are deep meadows and lofty trees, musical with the cawing of rooks, who have just brought their young out to teach them to find food for themselves. To the ear attuned to harmony, it is sweet to mark the difference between the tenor caw of *corvus frugilegus minor* and the deep baritone of *corvus major*. As I lounge through an archway, a fragment of the great abbey, the chorus is marvellously attuned; the treble being sustained by the twittering of innumerable finches, and other tiny feathered songsters, while the deep lowing of kine in the fat pastures supplies a motive like the Gregorian chant in *The Huguenots*, or the Anabaptist hymn in *Le Prophète*. By turning my back on the useful, but pictorially-offensive railway viaduct, I escape the hideous presence of a corn and cotton mill, and revel in one of the sweetest of England's pastoral scenes. Part of the relics of ancient Whalley are incorporated in the house of a wealthy miller, whose peacocks contribute the only discordant note in the prevailing harmony, as the open door of the curious old church,

with its high carved pews, invites retreat from the glaring sunshine.

Past Ribchester, the Ribble pours onward by Hoghton Tower, famous for mighty pageants and receptions, till, a stately river, it reaches Proud Preston, famous for its guild, its shows—after the manner of Chester and of Coventry—and its proud position as capital of the Duchy. It is curious that when Preston contained less than a tenth of its present number of inhabitants, it was relatively a greater place than it is now, with its wealth of cotton industry, and its military station. In the '45 Preston was a more important position than Manchester or Liverpool, and was the scene of the discomfiture of the Stuart garrison. When the coronet of the Stanleys of Lathom and Knowsley passed to the Stanleys of Bickerstaffe, Preston became the political seat of that powerful family; and Patten House, in Church Street, Preston, was a centre of political power and social revelry. While Aintree was unknown, and Liverpool but a rising townlet, Preston during the race-week was the scene of prolonged festivity. It was here that by some freak of destiny the Stanleys represented the Whig, and the more-recently grown Horrockses the Tory interest, and that election contests of unparalleled severity were maintained. The "old Earl of Derby," who married as his second wife the famous Miss Farren, kept high estate at Patten House, and at Preston fought those mains of cocks with General Yates, on which enormous sums were staked. In those old times, noble-men competed in the cockpit rather than at agricultural shows, and game-cocks were bred instead of short-horns. The "old Earl of Derby" is reported to have had many a main of cocks fought in his bedroom, as he lay sick for the last time. But the glories of Preston have in this respect faded, and it is feared, since the long strike, in some others. Yet it is a handsome town, with a fine town-hall, built by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and possesses delightful parks, one of which borders the beautiful Ribble. It is a pleasant if lengthy walk from Preston to Hoghton, by Walton-le-Dale, and it is curious that in the very hot-bed of the manufacturing interest, the genuine unsophisticated agriculturist may yet be met with. I enquire of one of these children of nature what he thinks of the harvest, hinting that the grass is good, but the corn looks perished everywhere for want of sun, and I receive

the eminently sympathetic answer: "Ah dunno' care about t' carn. We dunno' grow carn hereabouts. We're mostly on päästure."

GEORGIE'S WOOER.

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS AINSLEIGH loitered one morning over a late breakfast in the Artillery mess-room at Woolwich, while his friend Cecil Graham lounged comfortably in a vast easy-chair, and kept up a running fire of observations on things in general. To them entered, as the ancient plays have it, one Lieutenant Nipper, a young man of vivacious countenance, only redeemed from coarseness by a good-natured bonhomie that told he was capable of better things, if but a hand were found strong enough to pull him from the mire of sensual pleasures into which he had fallen.

All three men were in undress uniform, showing that the morning had not been an idle one. The lieutenant's natural joviality was now hidden under a ludicrously miserable expression of face, so evidently intended to attract attention, that, as he flung himself on to a seat by the fire, Cecil Graham commented on his condition.

"Now, Nipper, you've been coming to grief again with the chief!"

"Right you are!" replied the victim of military despotism with an absurd assumption of a brogue, "and it's meself that's concerned about that same. Hand me over the papers, and let me see if I can find something by way of divarshun for me troubled moind!"

"I'll give you nothing, if you don't stop that abominable brogue," said Graham, laughing in spite of himself, and tossing *The Standard* across to Nipper.

"Sure, and it's in no fit frame of moind I am to read anything more lively than the obituary—or the marriages," he added, with a grimace; then, looking at the paper, he veered suddenly round, chair and all, toward Ainsleigh, and said, "Sheeling! why, isn't that where you hail from?"

Ainsleigh, who had hitherto appeared to be unconscious of the lieutenant's presence—a way he had with youngsters in whom his soul delighted not, turned his head with sudden interest—

"Yes; what about Sheeling?"

"Some naval fellow's been and gone and

expired there—that's all. 'At Sheeling, on the 15th, John Fordyce Hammond, Captain R.N.' Hullo, Ainsleigh! I hope the old buffer wasn't a friend of yours! I'm deuced sorry if I've said anything wrong you know;" and he looked the concern he felt.

"No, no," said his captain hastily, pushing away his unfinished breakfast.

But Cecil Graham had seen the change in his friend's face as Nipper spoke, and felt a sad misgiving that there were more things in Douglas Ainsleigh's life than he dreamt of, and that the day of unreserved confidence was over; for how changed had Ainsleigh been since he returned from his last leave! how the old interests and the old pleasures seemed to have lost their charm for him! Graham noted all these changes, and, like the wise judge we have all heard of, asked himself the question, Who is she?

"You promised to come up to town with me to-day," he said, after a pause, looking somewhat anxiously at his friend. "I told Lady Laura she might expect us to show, at what she calls one of her 'unseasonable gatherings,' this afternoon; that pretty Miss Lushington will be there—the one with the dark eyes and fair hair, you know. Let us get into mufti and be off. We can lunch at The Rag, and then stroll quietly up to Lady Laura's when it suits us."

Miss Lushington might have had carrotty locks and a squint, for all the interest she seemed to rouse in Ainsleigh's mind. His thoughts were running quite in a different line, and might have been transcribed thus:

"What the devil possessed Aunt Eleanor to be taken ill just now, of all times in the year? Sending for the mother to nurse her, too! As if anyone else wouldn't have done just as well! and that poor child left alone in her trouble! It's enough to drive a fellow mad, I swear—tied here by the leg, too, as I am—confound it! One can't ask for leave again yet awhile. Dear little Georgie! sweet, pretty darling! what an ass I was not to clinch the matter before I left home! But no—it wouldn't have done. The troubled heart had no room for me just then. Yet if ever I saw the word 'love' written in a woman's eyes, it was in hers that day when I met her at the gate. Poor child! How she must have suffered!"

Anything was better to Douglas Ainsleigh in his present frame of mind than inaction

so he dressed and went up to town with Graham, and duly presented himself at Lady Laura Danvers's out-of-season "drum," where the fair Miss Lushington held high court. But as she afterwards described him to a friend as "good-looking, and thorough good form, you know; but oh, my dear, such a stick!" we may conclude he took but small trouble to make himself even passably agreeable.

Now Lady Laura Danvers, Cecil Graham's exclusive and dignified aunt, lived in Portland Place; and as the two friends strolled down one of those quiet streets, through which you may cross from Portland Place to New Bond Street, they came upon a German band—a band in no way less atrocious than its fellows; but then—it played the Beautiful Blue Danube!

Cap in hand, his instrument of torture peacefully at rest under his arm, one of the performers made his way to Douglas Ainsleigh, when lo! the unwonted donation of half-a-crown sent him back to his companions in a state bordering on delirium, and forthwith he set about blowing, or wheezing, or whatever it was his special duty to do, with an energy fearful to behold, and that threatened to drown the strains of his confrères.

"I think," said Graham, laughing, "that if Herr Strumph could see you giving half-a-crown to the 'itinerants of brass,' as he calls them, he would have a fit."

Now Herr Strumph was the German bandmaster of a crack Line regiment lying at Woolwich, and he was a great ally of Captain Ainsleigh's, owing to the fact that that officer took a great interest in, and had a profound admiration for, his band, one of the best either in that garrison or any other.

And now behold this enlightened patron of true melody bestowing half-a-crown upon the "itinerants of brass!" But then, though the fog seemed to have got down the long brazen throat of the trombone, and rendered him more hoarse than he was even by nature, and though an unmitigated squeakiness pervaded the cornet, that band was playing the Beautiful Blue Danube!

Douglas Ainsleigh felt somehow as if he were all at once farther from Georgie; the vision of her sweet face that the music had called up seemed to fade away, and the true Irish eyes seemed gazing at him from far away through a mist of tears, and had, in their depths, a reproachful, appealing look!

"Do you think," said Ainsleigh, as they turned down New Bond Street, "do you think, Graham, the chief would give me a few days' leave, if I asked him? Of course, I know, with Carstain away, it's rather out of rule; but still——"

"Why, my dear fellow," interrupted his friend, "you only joined the other day!"

"Just so, but I was recalled; and the matter I want to go about is urgent——"

"I never knew a fellow want extra leave that the matter wasn't urgent!" said Graham, quietly.

"Still, in this case——" urged Ainsleigh.

"Just so," said the other, "it always is 'in this case.' Every man thinks his own case an exception."

"And the old chief is not at all a bad sort when that confounded old woman of his leaves him alone."

"Does that desirable state of matters ever exist?" put in Graham, incredulously; and, with this not very respectful allusion to their commanding-officer's wife, the subject dropped.

Like the ghost of Banquo, it appeared again, however, as the two friends parted that night, after an hour or two in the billiard-room at the mess.

"I shall try for that leave, Graham," said Ainsleigh.

And Graham went to his quarters with a thoughtful countenance.

CHAPTER IX.

"MR. FEATHERDOO!" announced the Fern Leigh footman late one afternoon, a day or two after Mrs. Ainsleigh's visit to Beach House, and that reverend gentleman made his way through the long drawing-room, and piloted himself among the ottomans and statuettes and furniture of all kinds that appeared, to his disturbed imagination, especially designed to catch people as they passed, and to cause the unwary to stumble over unexpected claws and projections.

The mistress of the house sat at her table at the upper end of the room, and was writing a letter of so absorbing a nature that she heard neither name announced nor visitor approach.

If Mr. Featherdew needed anything to add to his already overwhelming bashfulness, here it was.

After a few moments' hesitation he made a sound that he intended for a gentle cough, but which was, owing to his extreme nervousness, more like an infant suffering

from aggravated croup. Mrs. Ainsleigh started, looked up, and discovered the innocent and blushing cause of this extraordinary noise. She laid down her pen, and welcomed him with that sweet cordial grace which so many women had attempted to imitate, and failed.

Unfortunately, embarrassment is infectious; and inasmuch as Mr. Featherdew refused, not exactly to be "comforted," but at all events to be put at his ease, Mrs. Ainsleigh lost as much of her habitual serenity as was possible to such a thorough woman of the world; and her state of mind was still further disturbed by the fact that, in his nervousness and agitation, Mr. Featherdew kept tilting himself backward on the hind legs of his chair, and rearing up against a long table upon which were priceless specimens of old china.

The dew stood out upon the little man's forehead, necessitating the use of his pocket-handkerchief, in accomplishing which operation he dropped his hat, and had to recover it with many muttered apologies and much increased distress of mind.

The fact was, that in the present instance, his errand was of a nature to concentrate to its fullest intensity the nervous agitation which was habitual to him, save and except where the duties of his calling completely obliterated, as it were, his own identity from view; for I have sketched Mr. Featherdew very feebly if my readers do not understand that, in spite of his bashfulness and peculiarities, no better parish priest ever undertook the cure of souls.

"I know, Mrs. Fernleigh—I beg pardon, Mrs. Ainsleigh," he began at last, "your goodness to everyone—that is to say, to everyone who needs your kind offices—and I feel that the subject upon which I have called to see you to-day, and which is my—my—in fact—attachment—my devoted and sincere attachment to Miss Hammond, will excite your sympathy, and that you will see it in the light I do myself."

Mrs. Ainsleigh looked like some one who has been asked to unravel a tangled skein, and cannot find the end of the thread.

Perhaps it struck Mr. Featherdew that there was a slight sketchiness in his explanation of the motives that had prompted this call, for he hastened to put the case more clearly.

"It is just in this way, dear lady. I am

sensible of my presumption in aspiring to the hand of the young lady in question, and I feel—I think—that is to say, I believe—that I might have a better chance, if your influence and your approbation were accorded to me. It would have weight with Miss Hammond; I am sure it would have!"

Here the poor man's countenance became suffused, and he continued yet more earnestly:

"Indeed, I love her most sincerely; and would devote myself, as far as might be consistent with my work, to make her, and the dear little ones who are dependent upon her, happy. I am sure you have heard, dear Mrs. Ainsleigh, of the sad poverty in which they are all left? I really do not think I should have found courage to speak of my—my attachment, but for this."

Mrs. Ainsleigh was strangely silent, and a little nervous contraction of the brow told that her feelings were more deeply interested in the tale she was listening to, than might have been expected.

"I think perhaps I could write better than I could speak; and may I say, dear lady, that I have spoken to you, and that you wish me God-speed in my wooing?"

Mrs. Ainsleigh toyed with a paper-knife, and examined, with fictitious interest, the delicate carving on the haft; "Dear me!" she thought to herself, "what unpleasant entanglements a too sympathetic manner gets one into! And yet how earnest the little man is! and what an admirable thing for that poor girl, fighting the battle of life alone, and burdened with those two children, to have a home of her own, and be happily settled in that comfortable parsonage of Sheeling Church!"

Mrs. Ainsleigh knew Georgie well enough to be quite aware that you might about as well suggest to a tigress to present you with her soft, young, furry, purring cubs, as strive to separate Georgie from the fair-haired twins. She knew that whoever marries Georgie must take Jack and Trickys and the liabilities too.

This was the hour of Mrs. Ainsleigh's temptation; the hour in which the training of her fashionable London life told, and she weighed this thing in the balance of expediency.

She had always hoped and prayed that Douglas might marry a good woman—a woman worthy of his love, of his mother's too. But, then, there were good women in the world who might be quite as suitable as Georgie Hammond.

There it was, you see.

For Douglas Ainsleigh, of Fern Leigh Manor, this match would not be suitable. How keenly she had felt this, and what pain it had been to her to feel it, as she and Georgie sat by the firelight, and the girl told her of the heavy troubles and responsibilities that had come into her young life, no one but Mrs. Ainsleigh herself knew. She had tried to put this feeling from her, and tried in vain; from very cowardice she had from day to day delayed writing to her son; and was still almost at a loss how to tell him "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" namely, that she thought Georgie brave and fair, and sweet and good, but she did not want the heir of Fern Leigh to make her his wife, and to take to himself the liabilities and the two little ones, and give the world—her world—a nine days' wonder to talk about, a kind of thing of which her long life, lived in the balmy atmosphere of wealth and high repute, rendered her peculiarly intolerant.

Yet there was no generous kindness Mrs. Ainsleigh would not have done for Georgie Hammond—her heart yearned to comfort and aid the girl; only—

Yes, that was just it—only, the "what will people say?"—a bugbear that had never as yet even dared so much as to show its teeth at her or her belongings—would fall upon, and rend, and tear this marriage if it ever came about; and, in short, Mrs. Ainsleigh would be glad to find that her son's love for the girl was but a ripple on the surface, not a current deep and strong, that would drive all before it.

Then, what could be a more suitable match for the incumbent of Sheeling than this very bond that for the heir of Fern Leigh would be prejudicial?

"You know, I thought," said Georgie's would-be wooer, troubled at the silence and indecision of his listener, "that as Miss Hammond seemed to be so lonely in the world, and to have no friend at hand to turn to, and knowing—as who does not?—your kindness——"

Here, warming with his subject, he waved his umbrella slightly—just the least bit in the world, and a hideous china monster, worth three years' income of the Sheeling living, tottered on its pedestal, while Mrs. Ainsleigh could not repress a little gasp of alarm.

As a snail that has protruded its horns, and, suddenly encountering an obstacle,

retreats precipitately into its shell, Mr. Featherdew shrunk within himself to such an extent that his long coat appeared all at once to become several sizes too large for him—lost the thread of his discourse, and looked feebly and reproachfully at the distended mouth of the monster, whose seemed to be grinning at the discomfiture it had caused.

"You were saying, I think, that you fancied Miss Hammond might probably turn to me for advice in this matter—did I understand you rightly?"

"Oh yes," cried Mr. Featherdew, getting pink and warm again. "At first I thought, you know, to have asked you to write it down for me—not what I was to say—oh no, nothing of that kind, but just a few lines to assure Miss Hammond that you knew—that is, that you approved—"

"That would be quite out of the question," Mrs. Ainsleigh interrupted with decision.

"Yes, yes, I felt it would be. It was only a thought, you know—a passing thought, I do assure you! I said so, didn't I?" urged poor Mr. Featherdew, tearing the finger clean off one of his gloves in a paroxysm of nervousness. "I'm sure, Mrs. Ainsleigh, if you had seen Miss Hammond, as I did, when her father died—if you had seen the devotion, the unselfishness, the courage with which she went through it all—you would love her—as I do!"

At this climax his hearer had much ado to prevent smiling; yet she felt the pathos of his earnestness.

"I sincerely respect your devotion and attention to Miss Hammond, Mr. Featherdew, and I am sure, very sure indeed, that she well deserves it."

To such an extent did the ardent lover appreciate these words of encouragement that he perched himself on the extreme edge of his chair, in order to get as near to his hostess as possible, and looked at her with an expression of enthusiastic gratitude.

"Then if Miss Hammond should——" began Mr. Featherdew again.

Dear, dear! how strange it was that she could not keep her eyes off the photograph on the writing-table! And was it fancy—or had the eyes of her son really a reproachful look in them? What will Douglas say

when she tells him that Georgie is to marry Mr. Featherdew, and that she, his mother, has helped on the marriage? Having quieted a little tiresome cough that had interrupted Mr. Featherdew's remarks, and caused him to mutter a polite hope that she was not suffering from cold, Mrs. Ainsleigh spoke:

"If, as you suggest, from having no other friend at hand, Miss Hammond should——"

So engrossed had these two been in their own conversation—the one hungering and pleading for words of hope and encouragement, the other trying, for the first time in her life, to persuade herself that unfaithfulness, if it be wise, is truth—that neither had heard the sound of wheels in the avenue, and both were startled by the sudden appearance of the upper housemaid—who had no business there at all, and whose conduct in usurping the footman's place nothing but the exceptional nature of the occasion could justify—with the unlooked-for announcement:

"Please, ma'am, the capting's come! and his room's all upside down with the painters; and will the housekeeper get the blue room ready?"

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